

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. I

SATURDAY JAN. 11, 1919

No. 10



DETACHMENT MAN—"HE'S HAD HIS CHANCE—NOW IT'S MINE"

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
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Vol. I.

Saturday, January 11, 1919

No. 10

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

It seems fitting that a word should appear on this page regarding the passing of our former Commander in Chief and the greatest of all Americans—Theodore Roosevelt. His was a truer vision, a higher courage, a wiser statesmanship than any man of our time. We cannot speak of him in the ordinary terms. Exemplifying as he did, the typical American, Colonel Roosevelt's life is an inspiration of unselfish loyalty and devotion to his country that will live long after those who disagreed with his policies have forgotten their differences. Colonel Roosevelt's Oteen was "service." His physical ailments and even the sacrifice of one of his sons during the war, he bore like the real soldier he was. With the sounding of taps for him "T. R." goes on to a well earned rest.

★ ★

Since we cannot logically bellyache our way out of this army business, let us reason as to who the first will—or should be. My vote goes first of all for the boy who has spent a cold, wet, muddy winter in France. The man who's seen real service is the one who has the big right to pack his toothbrush and hike back to God's country. Very true, every one of us have "big business," and it's just leaning sometime toward success—and then again toward failure—according to the way our prospects are leaning for getting away clean.

Every since we got into this man's army we have lined up—we line up for chow, we line up for pay, and for a chance to hear the "Agony Four" at any old place they happened to be. Now let's get in line, mentally, for the homegoing—THE FIRST IN THE FIRST OUT.

Be a backer. The Oteen is your paper and you are invited to contribute to the Hospital Publication. It is the only public medium through which all stationed at this Post can talk to each other, giving others the benefit of the light, as well as serious, side of the life. The publication is not a clearing house for grievances against anyone. Its mission is to depict life at this Post in as pleasant a manner as possible. Are you with us? Write on one side of the paper — and send to Editor, Red Cross Building, by Monday noon preceding Saturday of publication.

★ ★

Now we're going to boost—way up into the skies so all may know—the efforts of the Red Cross, K. C., Y. M. C. A., and the allied associations in this post who went to such a fine limit to make the holidays of every man in the camp something he should be thankful for and proud to look back upon.

There were many a vacant place for us at our own firesides—and perhaps a tear—for the loss of us. Had they but known the truth they wouldn't have worried, for their little old soldier boy was well taken care of.

These organizations labored incessantly. To them, and to every big hearted helper that gave of their time and material—we owe a big shout of thanks and praise.



Wasn't it Mr. Napoleon who said that armies got along on their stomachs—or to that effect—and that a full stomach made a contented soldier? Guess most of the commercial restaurateurs of Asheville never read this gentleman up fully—or took into consideration the soldiers' stomachs and their pocketbook. If they had, never would they go to the limit of pirating on the boys to the extent they do in the question of the price of food. The greater per cent of us are working for the proverbial Thirty Per—and with allotments our net income is considerably less. Like any human we like variation. At least once a week we like to go a sportin'—but why must they filch a boy out of two day's pay for a meal that satisfies? True, foodstuff has gone up—in fact, almost out of sight when a soldier graces a place on the white tablecloth. If such as the "Banana Coffee House" would come off their high price horse—and turn out a good soldier's meal for a dollar—they'd be doing a patriotic service. The "Blue Circle" were a bit exorbitant before they got into proper running—yet now they have a full house every meal time for their sixty cent dinner with fixin's.

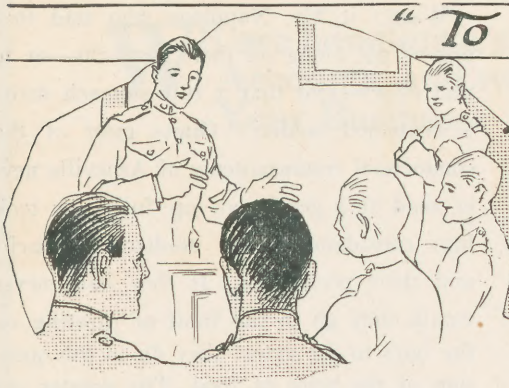
Why can't more such places fall in line?



The cover design for this week's Oteen is by Herman Heyer, the artist who executed the Christmas cover for us—and which gained so much favorable comment from our readers, and from other sources. Officials high up in the army acknowledged that the Christmas number was quite the finest camp paper yet to appear.

But Mr. Heyer does more than to present an attractive cover to look upon. He brings a message to every person that sees his work—as in the case of our appropriate cover to the detachment men—to stand fast beside the man—our brothers who have battled and have been disabled in the fight. Now they need assistance the kind given with good cheer and a smile. It is up to us to stand fast till we finally round the corner and once more start up "easy street."

"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, S. C., U. S. ARMY
CHIEF, RECONSTRUCTION SERVICE

The reconstruction service wishes to thank the Asheville Times for its courtesy in furnishing for the use of the soldier patients, three copies daily to the department. The members of the department value highly the Times' appreciation of their work.

After a week of strenuous preparation, the reconstruction building was occupied by classes for regular work on the 6th inst. Besides the sun porch, which is used for the type-writing, stenotypy, and mechanical drawing classes, there are, in the other seven rooms, classes in elementary English, elementary mathematics, French, architectural drawing, gas engine theory, animal husbandry, fine and commercial art, poultry husbandry and Spanish; and the carpentry and tailor shops, still in the school building, are merely awaiting occupancy of the new shop quarters. Classes in telegraphy and in photography are proving and will probably be in operation by the time the reader sees this item, some delay having been occasioned by the inability to procure apparatus and material locally. Sergeant Sutton has completed his switchboard for electrical instruction, and the material for the paint shop and the shoe shop is about ready for assembling.

The reconstruction service is now ready to take care of the instructional needs of every man in the hospital who can get to the building; and, as will be noted in another column, the wards are being systematically cared for by the twelve aides.

Another piece of work begun on the 6th was the psychological and trade survey of every patient in the hospital. This activity will be conducted by Lieutenants Kefawer and Cophill, with several assistants, and will continue until there is procured a careful, scientific survey of the entire patient personnel.

In the absence of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Hoagland, which was occasioned by indisposition, the regular week-

ly meeting of the staff on Sunday morning was addressed by Captain Townsend, medical adviser to the reconstruction service who developed further the line of information he had opened up on December 22. The schedule of speakers at these weekly conferences for the remainder of the current month is as follows: January 12, Captain Dunham, chief of the laboratory service; January 19, Captain Townsend, medical adviser to the service; January 26, Miss Standish, chief nurse. It is hoped that the Commanding Officer, Colonel Hoagland, will be able to address the conference at an early date. The addresses delivered at the conferences are open to all who care to hear the various problems of hospital life, work and aims discussed by highly efficient speakers, specialists in their several fields, in language comprehensible by the intelligent layman.

★ ★

"I shall assign each of you to your ward today," unfeelingly sentences the head aide who, with honest-to-goodness hospital experience, scorns our inner quakings and outward tremblings. She herds us down miles of corridors, prodding us along with hints as to the proper attitude toward the ward surgeon and the head nurse. It all falls on infertile ground for we are feverishly alternating silent prayers with the details of that choice "problem" by which we are to attract instantly and hold forever every patient in the ward. We arrive. How professionally glib the head aide is! How green and mute we are! Did she say we were to salute the head nurse and sit in the presence of the ward surgeon, and is he a captain or a lieutenant or a general? Or to be led into the company of a buck private and end this uncertainty of military procedure. We muddle out of these confusing presences, and land in the ward. If we shrank before we positively dwindle now. We feel like the spot on a victim's chest which has become the target of a firing

squad. Like the familiar cartoon, visible dotted lines run from millions of peering eyes from vast reaches of beds. And such eyes. They are blue and gray and black and brown; friendly, doubting, scornful, hopeful, curious. Just one thought possesses us: "Will they accept us?"

Safe at last in the sun-room we make our first test surrounded by a respectfully observing group clad in bath robes, house slippers and hats—due emphasis on the hats please. We attempt to demonstrate the great ease and delight twith which a belt may be knotted. We know the hitch to perfection, for did we not practice for an hour last night?

We are just plain scared the knots knot in the wrong place; our strings become a hopeless mess; terror grips us. These men will doubt our ability. In despair we look up expecting to meet utter scorn and contempt. Instead there shines in those boyish eyes such complete comprehension, such considerate sympathy, that our sinking hearts jump from our heels to their proper places. A tall corporal breaks the tension with that phrase applied to all critical situations, "As you were now;" everybody laughs, the knots untangle; the hitch is put across. We depart feeling that we came into our own and our own received us.

★ ★

The reconstruction department is under obligation to Miss Goodrich, manager of the Allanstand community, who has kindly given us the loan of a Wunder Wever loom. At present, a bag is being woven on the loom in Ward I-2. The work is attracting favorable comment and bids fair to become a popular occupation. Miss Goodrich has given us valuable suggestions on local materials and permitted the use of her own dyestuffs. This is truly a patriotic service, and one deeply appreciated at Oteen.

CAPS & CAPE

Conducted by the Nurses

SEALED ORDERS, 1919.

Before us lies an unknown sea
The past is left behind,
Strong waves are foaming at the prow
The sails bend to the wind.

What is my quest? Why fare I forth?
Not mine it is to say
He whom I serve has given command
I have but to obey.

So to the ever guiding will
My own I gladly yield,
And while my little craft outstands
I sail, with orders sealed.

I may not read them if I would,
I would not if I might,
Nor hold the duty less, but more
Whose chart is faith, not right.

Some time, I know not when or how
All things will be revealed,
And until then content am I
To sail with orders sealed.

—M. P.

The entertainment committee for the month of January is as follows: Misses Bourns, Birckley, Brown, Scott, Smith and Stephenson. An account of their first party given Thursday evening, January 9, will be given in next week's issue.

Speaking of new nurses, we now have our full quota—an even hundred. Eight arrived from Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., in a drenching storm of rain on Wednesday evening at 10 p. m. Seven more followed the next day from Langley Aviation Camp, Va., and twenty-six more from Camp Greene on Saturday afternoon. The office force had one of their busy afternoons and Barracks 4 was ready on short notice for their reception. Our dining room grew overnight to a sixteen table affair. We welcome the entire group and suggest that they become our co-workers in helping to make this place one of the most delightful in the country. We think it now

one of the most livable in the land because we live here.

Needed—One new excuse—we can't go on blaming everything on the war.

Speaking of Xmas boxes (we are still eating and having impromptu parties), it was in a Red Cross box, was it not, that N——'s sample of "William's Holder-Top Shaving Stick," arrived?

New Year's eve was the climax of the holiday week. The dinner-dance being a most enjoyable affair. The first unusual excitement of the evening was the arrival of our officer escorts at our Red Cross building. Thho we believe this order of arrangement was in some cases somewhat reluctantly *obeyed* it proved a pleasant part of the occasion in spite of the fact that upon reaching the mess hall some of us lost our escorts and a number of officers were looking for dinner partners.

Miss Murray and Miss Middleton are back from their Christmas furloughs and Miss Chrisman left this week for a fifteen day leave.

Full credit should be given to Lieut. Rector and our competent dietitians, Misses Housel and Case, for the very attractive tables and a most excellent menu. The after dinner speeches were short and snappy and we enjoyed them all. "After the dinner the dance" and everyone had partners! Need we say more?



The New Red Cross Building just completed for the use of the A. N. C. of this Post—and located in the center of their barracks life.

OFF DUTY

It seems to me,
That inasmuch
As winter's here
And it's so hard
To get to town
And we're so cold
When we come back
That all of us
Should start at once
To form a club
Or have a Tea
Or do something
To make the time
That we have off
Somewhat more gay
We just received
Some forty odd
New nurses here
And so you see
There are enough
Of us right now
To make things hum
It's up to me
And also YOU
What shall we do?
I THANK YOU.

Lost! A wrist watch on Weaverville road. Reward: Barracks 2; room—!

ALSO TRUE FOR BARRACKS

In the ordinary room any temperature above 68 is unhealthy—and a fuel waster.

In rooms where one is working or moving around, 64 to 66 is high enough.

These temperatures have been found by doctors and heat experts to be the best of humanity.

The thermometer will tell you when your sitting room is above 68. Then turn off the heat from that room, either by checking the furnace or by opening doors into other rooms.

EDITORIAL

To the Dear Ones at Home:



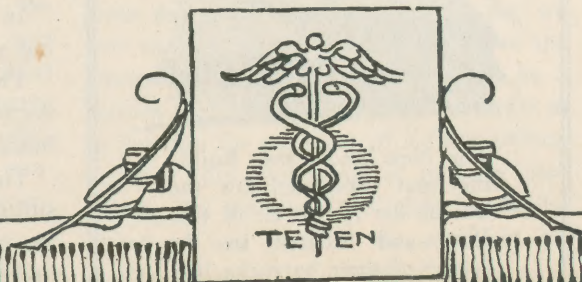
HIS comes as an appeal to you from the enlisted personnel, Medical Detachment, General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C., to stand by us. We want you to sense and read it with the same care you would the most serious of communications that might be brought from us. The message that we wish brought forcefully is to be patient—patient to the limit—in the question of our getting back to you. We of the medical service ask no help. We only ask for the privilege of finishing our jobs. We know you want and need us home badly, and the conditions that abound are calling to us. We feel the very same—more strongly if anything. The touch of your warm hands—and seeing your tender smiles—they are more sacred and endearing than they ever were. But you are not helping us in our necessary work when you fill our mails with distracting appeals to “come home.” It only goes to retard the work of all the hospital when you heap the desk of our Commanding Officer with letters on the subject of “Let our boy come home.”

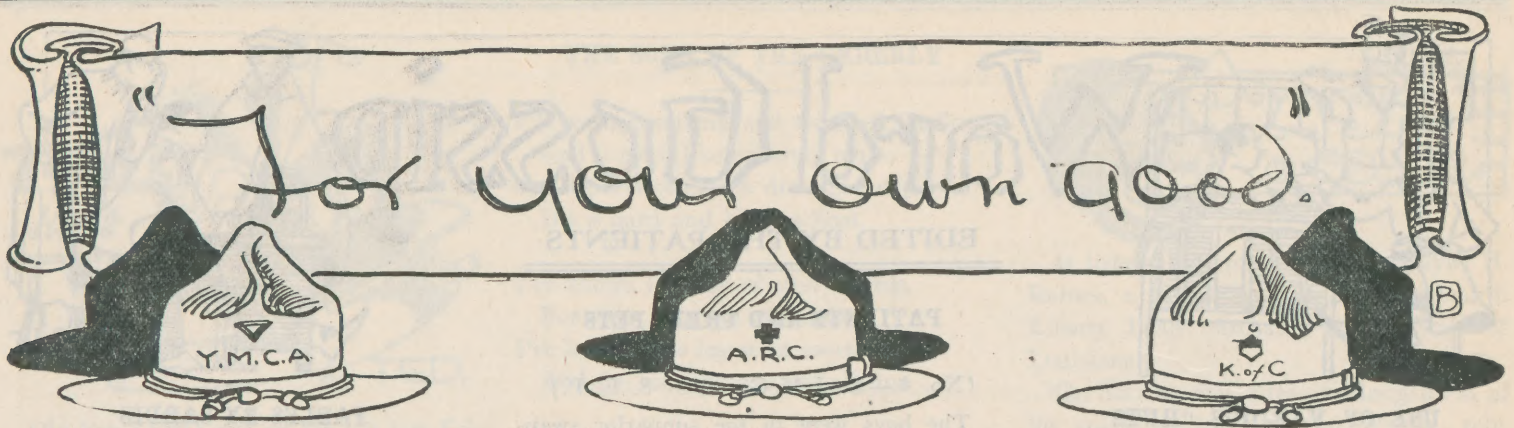
Quite true the last gun has been fired, and the curtain is slowly closing down over the whole grim horror. The terrible terseness is over for the fighting man of the trenches, he who has borne the shock of the conflict—and given his all for us—and for YOU. His mission was the destroying of the enemy and that work is finished. Our work, the job for which we took our solemn oath as we stood beneath the silent folds of “Old Glory” is to rebuild the broken bodies, to battle disease, to heal the wounds of conflict, and to care for the maimed and hurt of our comrades. Our assignment has been to “save the soldiers” and the high standing of the Medical Department of the American army and the rating of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, shows that we have done our work well.

But our job is not finished. There is a big work ahead—the task of caring for the wounded men who are to come to us from France. We are happy in being assigned the honor of binding up the wounds of these matchless heroes—these brothers in arms who rushed against the mighty line of Teuton hate and crushed, by their splendid valor, the war machine of their building. These shell torn patients need us now and who would falter? Our government—which inspired the unrivaled bravery at Chateau-Thierry, has designated us for this work. We will be true to our trust. We know that you good folks at home would have us do so. We want that pride you felt the day we left to be completed upon our return.

We ask merely the help of patience. It will only pull back the work, and make us feel more keenly the lonesomeness that catches in at times, by your sending the endless “come back” letters. We want to come home—and our Command is going to let us come home at the earliest date, but not until our work is finished. Nor do we care to desert our post until our allotted work is done. We do this for our honor and yours. With love.

THE DETACHMENT MEN
OF U. S. A., G. H. NO. 19.





Our soldiers' Sunday school was born in a snow storm, but it looks like a vigorous child. Fifty sturdy soldier boys enrolled themselves on the initial Sunday, all of them apparently glad to do their bit. They have been divided into three groups, and on different nights this week, these groups organized themselves and planned a vigorous campaign of competitive recruiting. In spite of the storm a contingent of Philatheas from Asheville came out to lend encouragement to the enterprise, and to assure us that they were willing to be of assistance in the future. At our next session, on Sunday next at 2:30 o'clock, let's double last Sunday's record.

▽ ▽

We are finally ready to announce that the new moving picture machine has been inspected and accurately adjusted, so that we can confidently promise pictures de luxe to all who enjoy the movies. It has never been a source of great satisfaction to operate the small portable machine, and we are sure that the numerous difficulties we had with it are entirely eliminated now. Of course, we expect to do the best we can for the boys in the patient's mess hall. Right here we wish to express publicly our disappointment in not being able to put on the show on last Sunday night.

▽ ▽

It is impossible at this moment to say just when we can start our educational program, but surely we can expect the use of the new building in its completion by the first of next week. And so, we would like to confer with any of the men who care to undertake this work with us either as students or as teachers. There is talent among us here at Oteen, and we shall need the assistance of a few men who are qualified to teach. We would value your kindness in coming to us for a personal interview in this regard.

On Wednesday afternoon, about three hundred and fifty enlisted men patients were guests at a New Year's party at the Red Cross House. The reconstruction aides and a number of young ladies from Asheville, chaperoned by the visiting committee, joined in the games that made the afternoon a jolly one for everybody.

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The Red Cross House desires to express to the visiting committee its heartiest thanks for their efficient work in planning and carrying through so successfully the entertainments on Christmas eve in the Red Cross House and in the wards.

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The instruments of the orchestra are now safely housed in a music cabinet on the left side of the stage, with the music scores shelved conveniently near. Rehearsals are in progress and we are all rejoicing in these beginnings of a real military band for the post.

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Next Monday evening, the house is to be given over exclusively to the detachment men for a dance.

++

On Monday evenings, beginning at 6 o'clock, the house is reserved for detachment men. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday alternate Thursday evenings and every day from ten in the morning till 6 in the evening, the house belongs to enlisted men patients. On alternate Thursday evenings, beginning at 6, the officers of the post will have exclusive use of the house. And on Saturday evenings it will be reserved for officer patients. We hope that the officer patients will use the library as a reading and writing room at all times and feel altogether at home there.

Tuesday evening, the usual smart set of young ladies from Asheville gathered at the Club House and spent a pleasant evening with the detachment boys who were anxiously awaiting their arrival. Dancing held forth throughout the evening and excellent music was furnished by Dunn's orchestra.

★ ★

Thursday evening an unique program was staged at the Hut which was the beginning of many to follow during the winter months. Much credit is due to the boys at the post who so willingly offered their assistance to amuse their fellow Bunkies, Cahill, Humphrey, Montre and Dan Murphy who have already made themselves popular at the post and in Asheville, in vaudeville sketches, created the usual laughter and brought much applause from the large audience. Several solos were appreciated from the ladies who took part in the program from Asheville. Secretaries "Bill" and "Joe" figured in one number. Secretary Downie rendering a solo of his own composition, "Be True to the Good Old Flag," and accompanied at the piano by Secretary Grace. Secretary Downie then went from the sublime to the ridiculous by pulling several of his comedy stunts which were enjoyed by all. The concluding number was a song, "We'd Lick the Kaiser if it Took a Thousand Years," sang by the entire cast.

★ ★

Chaplain Froehlich has adopted a new schedule whereby everyone can hear mass during the week, and receive Holy Communion if they wish. This will give everyone an opportunity to go to mass once a week if they are unable to attend on Sunday at the appointed hour.

Sunday—Mass at 8:30 a. m.

Wednesday—Mass at 7:00 a. m.

Friday—Mass at 6:00 a. m.





USE OF VARIOUS "HUTS"

The command has issued the following order to become effective January 7th:

The Red Cross building is for the use of the patients.

The Y. M. C. A. building and the K. of C. building are for the use of detachment men, with the following exceptions:

On Monday nights the detachment men will use the Red Cross building, and the patients will use the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. buildings.

★ ★

UNDER THE BARS

Can any one enlighten us as to the home of the Possum? We hardly thought of Oteen as being a likely place, but New Year's night convinced us that there must be some near here.

★ ★

CHEER UP

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good,
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still—
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our mind that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Altho you feel worried and blue—
If you smile at the world and be cheerful,
The world will smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down—
Good humor is always contagious
But you banish your friends when you frown.

CORP. T. O. JOHNSON.

★ ★

Sergeant—"Well, O'Brien, what are you doing out of bed?"

O'Brien—"I just got out to tuck myself in, sir."

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

PATIENTS AND THEIR PETS

(No. 4.—Buel McGuire, by S. L. P.)

The boys were in the sunparlor swapping lies, each telling of a bigger story tries. Finally, McGuire says, "Now I'll tell a story true." Old Mac is not a Jew's harp, but Irish thru and thru. "Once we had a dog—he was of common, mongrel kind with a little stubby tail, and one eye full blind, but as affectionate a cuss as ever you find. Always ready to be petted, always willing to mind. Early one morning, our dwelling caught afire, likely from defective insulation of electric wire. Pa and Ma and I jumped out of bed into the dark, as we ran from the danger, we heard little Billy bark. We feared for the purp, but more we feared the flames. For forgetting our dog Billy, each the other blames. The house was burning fiercely—the wind in the south. When out of that inferno came Billy with a towel in his mouth. His hair was badly burned and he could scarcely walk. The towel dropped at our feet, how his tail did talk. Ma reached down and picked the cloth from the ground. 'Why, it's damp, and something in it I'll be bound.' She opened up the towel and cried out in great glee, 'Good gracious, but he's fetched our insurance policy.'"

Old Mac sat with sober face, and added not a single word. With one accord each boy rose from his place and moved so silently, not a sound was heard; as each passed out the door, he gave a glance at old Mac sitting there, like one in a trance. At last he gave a little moan, for he was alone, all all alone.

★ ★

We, the patients of U. S. G. H. 19, have learned with deep regret of the departure from our midst of one of our beloved nurses, namely, Miss Jackson.

She will be greatly missed, especially her happy smile, congenial disposition, and her endless acts of kindness which she has always endeavored to do to "brighten up the dark corners."



FABLES BY SARDIS

(With Apologies to Aesop).

No. 1.

A man ran his boat upon the beach, and lay down in the sun to rest. After a time he noticed that the tide was rising and said to himself, "In a few minutes I'll go down and pull the boat up far enough."

But he fell asleep and was only awakened by the water lapping his feet. He jumped up startled and looked for his boat—and saw it several hundred yards from shore, rapidly drifting away.

Moral: See No. 2.

No. 2.

A patient stayed in bed until all the breakfast trays had been carried out before he went to the diet kitchen for his tray. He was quite disturbed when he discovered that his victuals were cold, and spoke sharply to the nurse.

"Why haven't you kept my breakfast warm for me?"

His tone of voice rather incensed the nurse so that she answered him very strongly.

"Young man, you are perfectly able to come out after your meals and you know that you were awakened in plenty of time to get ready for breakfast. It happened this morning that there was no steam in steam table or I would have kept your food warm—but remember, that after this if you are not here on time you *won't eat*."

★ ★

Back in the days when Oteen hospital was still Azalea, a gentleman had business at the hospital. On his return to catch the train at Azalea he managed to get a ride with an old North Carolinian.

As they drew near the station, the man said meditatively, "I wonder why they have the depot way off here."

The old farmer thought a moment before replying and then said: "I reckon, I don't know unless its cause they wanted it on the railroad."



Old boy ZERO was on the job last Friday nite.

All Italy turns out to honor the Man of the Hour?

W-I-L-S-O-N, that's all, nuff sed.

Geezer of Berlin, reported ill, S. O. L. old man, hot ain't it?

Noticed (Mr.) Pvt. James Carr of E-7 dining at the Langren frequently.

Source of income must be rather stupendous, hey what?

Notice Icy Fitzpatrick rather sensitive to atmospherical disturbances.

You were most precarious, until he said five sixes.

Reward—Anyone noticing any blankets lying around loose.

Can you knit, not.

The cows must have been on a strike New Years.

Whatever you do, please keep up the steam, fire away.

Dear Daddy, "please come down and see me." Oh who, oh who, received this.

I know and I'll not tell. The shadow falls around E-7.

Thirty-four good looking nurses sent here from Camp Greene. I don't want to get well, the surroundings are too pleasant.

New song: Oh, Where, Oh Where is My S. C. D.?

Looks as if all Asheville were arrested the past year for paper states 2,625 in the past 12 months. Ask Dad if he's interested?

Air rather cold around Red Cross.

Y. M. C. A. to give professional entertainments as often as possible.

The scenery s beautiful around here, but let me see Harlem once again.

Send an Oteen to her.

Thanks to Lieutenant Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Teague of Greensboro, N. C., and Mrs. T. M. Johnson entertained in several wards during the past week.

Address all Address all communications to T. Sistare, H-3. No atten-shun paid to unsigned material. Get busy, all sorts of news wanted.

THE SONG OF THE ORDERLY

I've washed patients and scrubbed the floors
And worked like an army mule;
For the service isn't a dress parade,
It's a hard and bitter school.

I've known the stab of steely words,
For some duty not well done;
I've learned the lesson of sacrifice,
And the learning was not all fun.

I've gone for diets and washed the plates,
I've scrubbed the kitchen floor;
And when I thought the work was done,
They always showed me more.

I've worked when my tired body rebelled,
And called on me to quit;
But there's no such word in the M.C.
Each man does a doublé bit.

So I waited on patients, scrubbed the floors,
And worked like an army mule;
For the service is no place for a quitter,
It's a hard and bitter school.

I've learned the meaning of duty,
As only an orderly can;
They worked me hard and gave scant praise
But they drilled me into a Man.

—Private Jones.

★ ★

THE CUCKOOS

The cuckoos are a busy crew,
They love to keep me busy, too!
They ramble up and down my back
And use my neck for a race track.

They bite me on the arms and chest,
And in my shirt they make a nest,
They dig their trenches strong and stout
And it takes many baths to drive them out.

I hunt all through my underwear,
And from my mouth comes forth a prayer!
Oh, how I wish they would only cease,
And once more let me sleep in peace.

Fighting Germans was what I craved,
But fighting cuckoos makes me rave,
I'll save them till I find a Boche,
And plant them in his shirt, by gosh!

SGT. JOHN J. CURTIN, INF.

★ ★

"Say, Bill, I was down to the throat place today and Lieutenant Walker said I was cute. He called me a funny name."

"He did? How was that?"

On the slip he sent back to Lieutenant Stem, he wrote 'A cute laryngitis.'



It listens well for Louisiana; David H. Raines, a negro, was the highest Fourth Liberty Loan purchaser in the state of Louisiana.

On hearing that offensive designation of the negro, spelled with two g's—a relic from our ancient history and usually a term of contempt—the writer was stirred to indignation and remarked, as he had been called upon to do more than once in these days, that over 300,000 negroes were enlisted for the war, showing a noble spirit of patriotism; that their record would shame all slackers; that there was not one interment on account of pro-Germanism, though beguiled by Hun propagandists; and that in this day, when nearly a third of a million black patriots were taking the places of just so many white men of the north and south, it was no time to be flinging out such terms of reproach and of racial contempt. Bishop McIntyre sums the case well when he quoted:

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap;
The devil invented these terms I think,
To hurl at each hopeful chap.

Citation for Croix de Guerre, awarded the 369th regiment of d'Infanterie, U. S. (formerly the fifteenth New York infantry), (colored), for its operations as a combat unit of a French division in the great offensive in Champagne, September and October, 1918.

Private Joseph Batist who hails from a well respected Labor Battalion was at one time chauffeur of a wheel chair.

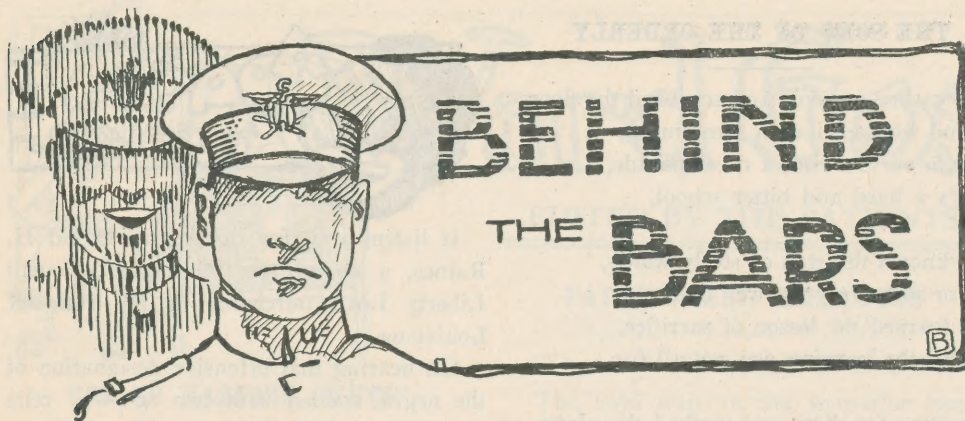
It seems dat de less reputation sum folks hab, the quicker dey flare up in defense of it.

Pvt. Pellycliff says "Sum folks pay as dey goes, but Shaver jis sticks aroun'."

"It's a sho fact dat de nex bes ting t' brains is a good humor."

★ ★

From the regions of Alaska,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We've fought our country's battles
On the land as on the sea
Yes we've fought to free the whole world
And to keep our honor clean,
Now we gladly take a rest
On the hills of our Oteen.



The officer patients take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to Colonel Hoagland, Miss Standish and their respective staffs for the gloom eradicating dinner dance on New Year's eve. As Editor Lemuel Simkins of the Pumpkin Corners Gazette would say, "Excellent refreshments were served and a nice time was had by all of us." In fact the only dark spot on the whole bright evening was the absence of the Commanding Officer, who, due to illness, was unable to come.

The above time worn phrase of the "patent inside" covers the material facts of the affair well enough. But to those of us who have just experienced the first holiday fortnight of our existence in a hospital and, in many cases, the first away from the home ties, the feeling is deeper.

There is something about Christmas and New Years that tugs at the heart strings and brings to the strains of "Home Sweet Home" a meaning beyond the fact that the last dance of the evening is being played. We officers in the sick ward represent practically every branch of the service and come from all corners of the greatest of all countries. But, all of us, and all of you, are enlisted under the same Starry Banner that has sent a message of Liberty, Justice and Humanity throughout the world since 1776.

We wish to repeat to you at this time the message which Colonel Kitts so aptly expressed in a few words on New Year's eve. That we feel that if we who have been afflicted as we are, do not get well it will not be the fault of the medical staff or the nurses (caps to stand). Once more we say the simplest and most expressive of all words, "Thanks!"

★ ★

Chaplain—What would your father say if he could hear you swear like that?

He'd be ticked to death, he's stone deaf.

B

The watch party of last week served another purpose besides chasing "Old Man Gloom" from the officers ward. We feel that there is a better understanding between the "line" and the hospital staff. The same flag which Betsy Ross pieced together in Baltimore, Md., which inspired the pen of Francis Scott Key, which stood unshaken through countless battles of civil strife, which waved victorious for the gallant John Paul Jones, which gave new hope to oppressed peoples at Manila and far off Moro Castle and last but not least has brought a message of liberty and justice to the whole world in the big war, called, and you and we answered.

★ ★

All bridge players in this ward are requested to wear side arms. It is not a case of "Five Aces" but "Why don't you trump?"

★ ★

The cat and Lieut. Nolen returned home yesterday.

★ ★

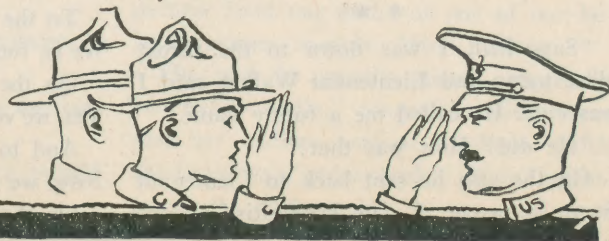
We can't be too careful about our spelling. See, for instance, what sorrow has descended upon the innocent by reason of the editor's carelessness. We quote from a western newspaper item:

"We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orlando Overlook. In our paper last week we had as a heading 'Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet.' The word we had ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled fete. It means a celebration and is considered a very tony word."

★ ★

Officer in Charge (at rifle range—Sergeant, have you any more men to shoot?

Sergeant—No, sir, I am going to shoot myself now.



BILL ON OUR NEW GAME

Dere frend Maude:

They're playin' a new kind of game around here now. Its called puttin in fer a discharge. Askin' fer a furlo got two tame. There wuzn't much fun to that any more, yer most generally got it. This new game is a good training fer yer head, cause only the fellers what thinks up the best excuses win. Th prize is a one way ticket home and a soot of underwear. When some guy is lucky enuf to pull the prize, believe me he don't stick around long to say good-bye; he hits the trail for hum so quick that his sargent most generally reports his A. W. O. L., before he nos he's discharged. It's just like what one of the fellers sez; if they give him ten minutes to get out of camp he'd give 'em back nine. It ain't that we don't like it any, but what appeals ter most of us fellers is the gettin' back ter doin' like yer please. Yer don't have ter have a pass ter walk out of the front door ter hum nor does yer mother hold roll-call in the back yard at six in the mornin' and then make yer do a lot of motions with yer arms and legs. Exercises they call it, I calls it damfulnessness.

Yer orter see the reasons some of the fellers give fer wantin' discharges. One guy got ter go back ter his peanut farm; another guy wants ter git married and sez he can't afford to on army pay; he must be a big spender. Another feller wants ter get back hum cause they've no one hum to drive the family's ortemobile. Everybody seems ter have a bizness what is goin' to the dogs, without him. Yer never saw so many big merchants in one detachment before. One feller I nos got a sure enuf release. But he deserved it. He got a wife and ortemobile what he had to serport and the pay in the army wouldn't permit both. Well, he couldn't sell the machine and the law sez yer got ter serport yer wife, so there wuz nothin' left but ter give him his discharge. I never had no luck, I ain't got nothin'.

There wuz a hole lot of new non-coms made on the first of the month. Nearly everybody is somethin' now. They even promoted me a couple dollars. Why ter look about yer and see all them sleeves what have chevrons you'd think this wuz the Mexican army.

So long Maude, if yer don't here from me next week its because I cum home on furlo. I mean if I'm home on furlo yer won't here from me.

Your anticipating frend,

BILL.



ON INSPECTION

How You Actually Look—And—How You Really Feel.

WAR RISK INSURANCE

PAYMENTS EXPLAINED

Because of the misunderstanding that seems to exist among relatives and beneficiaries of men in the military and naval service as to their rights under the war risk insurance act, Carter Glass, secretary of the treasury, has called attention to the fact that insurance and compensation represent two entirely separate and distinct benefits.

"Insurance," he says, "is payable regardless of any dependency, and a beneficiary designated in an application for government insurance, if within the permitted class of spouse, child, grandchild, parent, brother or sister, is entitled to receive the insurance in monthly installments without proving any dependency upon the insured.

"Compensation, however, which is separate and apart from insurance, and takes the place of the pensions provided under the old pension system, is payable only to a wife, child, dependent mother or father."

JUST SO.

A lot of people are like goldfish; they keep moving around in a circle without getting anywhere.

★ ★

The next time you have a sore throat, be glad that you are not a giraffe.

★ ★

But ah! "Greatness does not depend on size." Napoleon, if he were living today, would never get a job as a cop.

★ ★

Never meddle with a hornet—or a man who is minding his own business.

★ ★

If you want to be continuously happy, you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.

★ ★

Your friend is the one who knows all about you, but still loves you.

★ ★

Life does not consist in playing a good hand, but in playing a bad hand well.

Evil thoughts, like green apples, upset the whole system.

★ ★

Every black sheep was somebody's pet lamb once.

★ ★

How to make a shadow: Stand in your own sunshine.

★ ★

Even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he is down.

★ ★

Don't grouch! Smash a window, or a chair, or take a cold plunge—anything to get it over with!

★ ★

IDLE TEARS

Member of Touring Company—My good lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left.

Landlady—Oh, did she? Well I ain't going to. I want my money in advance.—*Pearson's Weekly.*



Parents "like to make it easy for the children." The washerwoman bending over her tubs remembers how hard her life has been. She "doesn't want to be too hard on the boy." Her boy too often graduates into the penitentiary through the preparatory school of gambling house loafer, confidence man, burglar.

The successful business man forgets that he had to work, and work hard. He "wants his boy to have a good time." He buys him fancy clothes, and bull dogs, and touring cars—swears a little at the bills, but pays them. He knows where his "help" spend their time—but he doesn't know where his boy spends his time.

"A good name," Solomon said, "is better than precious ointment." "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," the proverb has it.

War has proved a stern step-father. It has made men of thousands of boys whose fathers and mothers were doing all they could to make them worthless.

★ ★

After the shadows of darkness had enshrouded our inner sanctum (that is where we toss together the sheets of The Oteen) there entered one mysterious person who whispered in our ear a new idea. He hated to invest long sought kale in silver service chevrons, and he was impatient of the time that the Detachment Supply Sergeant would declare an issue day on these sought after bits of filagree. So with a verity he proposed that a **HARD LUCK CLUB** be established and that the members of same should wear upon his left sleeve one (1) safety pin to represent each and every six months the wearer was kept at home and away from the throats of the villainous Huns. Since ye Eds are fond of society and style and yet are frequently (oftentimes its far worse than that) on the brink of financial embarrassment we hope they will see fit to let this worthy genius of thought adopt the plan in the near future

The Observer.

SERGEANT-MAJOR ERPF

By the time this issue is off the press the subject of this little story will be well on his way to the home grounds—New York—having obtained his discharge some days ago. It is of the Sergeant Major, Carl E. Erpf, we talk, portrayed below.

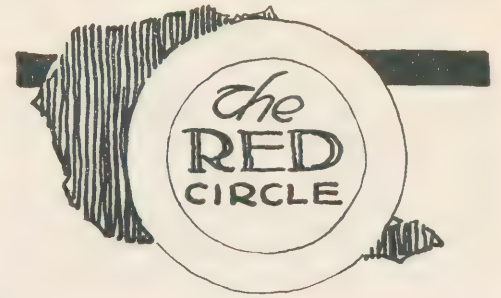
A lawyer by profession, he relinquished his practice soon after the outbreak of war and volunteered. He now returns to gather up the loose ends of his business.

Sergeant Erpf was the first enlisted man to hit up over the hill into this camp last June. The Colonel chose him as his aid immediately upon his arrival. To this camp Erpf has been an indispensable adjunct, and due to his patience and indefatigable persistence this camp has become the efficient and smooth running organization it now is.

Democratic to the limit, he has proven the staunch upholder of the enlisted man, and a credit always to the calling of stripes. He has been a combination of military discipline, skilled in the way of handling men and things, yet his genial courtesy, and ever present smile has made for respect by the enlisted and commissioned men alike.

The Oteen and its staff will keenly feel the loss of the Sergeant Major, because it was he who was one of the fathers to the idea of this camp paper in the early days of the post. His keen criticisms have aided towards keeping the Oteen up to the high standards it now holds.

May our loss be his gain. His friends, and he has many of them here, will carry pleasant memories of their associations with this splendid man, and wherever he may go, may the best of good luck and fortune tag onto his coat tails!



Asheville and the W. C. C.'s are duly grateful to Azalea for the services of the M. P.'s who were on duty over the holidays. They are a fine bunch of men and Sergeant Knight proved himself to be 24 carat.

— ★ —

In spite of the ban on dancing owing to the flu quarantine the social activities at the Red Circle Hotel have been one continual round of pleasant gatherings. The new and old games introduced to take the place of dancing were very well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by the men as proved by their appreciative words and acts.

— ★ —

Miss Chegale Miru, talented young Japanese lady and serior at Ht. Holyoke who has been spending the holidays with the Misses Mayer at the Red Circle hotel left with Miss Mayer to resume her studies last Thursday. Miss Miru proved to be a very popular addition to the Red Circle family and all who met her regretted that she was unable to stay longer.

— ★ —

The Misses Mayer have returned to their college work and the Misses Burgess and Mason will probably be with us before the Oteen is out of press.

— ★ —

Everyone sympathizes deeply with Mrs. Valentine one of our most popular and helpful hostesses who after so recently losing her husband received word that her brother Captain Hattamer had made the grand sacrifice in France. Oteen readers will be pleased to know that Mrs. Valentine expects to be again in charge of her "relief."

— ★ —

December was a record breaking month for the Red Circle. The club canteen was patronized to the limit of its capacity for service and the hotel was with one or two exceptions filled to overflowing every night.



UNCLE DUDLEY SEZ:

"Which reminds me o' th' story o' Bill Jones en Sam Walters. Y'see, Bill en Sam wuz fellers what lived by fishin' in a lake what wuz by there home, en both hed there boats. Wall, it seems thet both o' them hed gone inter th' munshun facktry t' work en hed histed there boats up on th' shore ouden th' water, en while they sot there, th' boards begun t' shrink en warp en th' seams opened. Wall, one day Bill en Sam wuz home en wuz a settin' there when a feller frum th' city kum along en sed, sez he, 'fellers, there iz a big jug o' Red Eye Joy Water in my cabin acrost th' lake en th' fust feller what kin git there iz shore welkum t' th' likker.' Wall, by heck, it wuz a powerful hot day en Bill en Sam wuz powerful dry, so that Whistle Lubrikashun wuz sure sum bait. Wall, Bill run down en pushed hiz boat into th' lake en kummedcen t' paddlin' t' beat th' band, but wise ole Sam run hum en got a wad o' okum en worked like the dickens t' plug up th' holes. En by th' time Sam got hiz boat into th' water, Bill wuz half way over, but hiz travelin' wuz gettin' sorter shaky en th' boat wuz a heap full o' water. Wall, t' make th' story short, Sam got there fust en with hiz feet dry, while pore ole Bill's boat sunk en he got a plumb distressin' duckin' en most nigh drowned in th' bargain'. En while Bill wuz a shiverin' en a feelin' most miserable, Sam wuz a gettin' a most powerful snoot full o' Headache Juice en a celebratin' most scandalus.

En th' moral o' this here leetle yarn is ez follers: Th' trip thru th' New Year iz a whole lot likt a boat race en it shore iz a pint o' hoss sense fer a feller t' take a good squint at hiz boat afore he sets out on th' trip. A hole plugged afore th' trip iz a gol durned good perdeckshun against wet feet en a hard trip."

★ ★

"Th' Good Book sez ez t' how a feller ought t' hustle around en annex hisself t' sum leetle chicken t' spend hiz spare time en munthly allowance. Wall, by gum, th' leetle ladies we hev t' hum air shore 'forbidden fruit' en ef a feller starts t' chin any leetle gal in th' city what strikes his fancy th' goldinged M. P. kums along en busts up th' fun. Don't know whose doin's all this iz, but I shore hope sumone pints em t' th' Good Book right sudden like.

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF FAVORITE MEN

Sergeant Beecher—Hello, Merry Sunshine.

Red Heyman—When I dance I sweat.

Slim Radford—Oteen! Thy! !?x?! Oteen!

Lieut. Kinderman—When you march that best girl in the world up the aisle (amen).

Fat Nat—What are they got to eat?

Patty Donovan—Apply pie! Shoot the cat!

Kid Black—Your a gentleman and a scholar.

Sergeant Major Gormley—Go wash yer dirty neck.

Detachment Commander—I got all I got in dis army fightin' an' am still ready ter fight.

Lieut. Waller—Come around Tuesday or Friday.

Big Jim—What detail are you on?

Dell—Oh, she wuz a pippin.

Pvt. Goodsell—Whose got the dice?

Kahn—Ha, ha, isn't that a pretty command Lieutenant? Ha, ha.

Capt. North—That goes out! What do you think this is, the Police Gazette?

Trewhella—My wife should see me now—Goodnight!

Sergeant Ward—1st class. Get that pay roll in or you'll get no doe.

Gene Hornick—When I get back I'm going in vaudeville.

Mike O'Connors—Gee, dat guy Hooker kin kape a feller woikin day an' night, der all passin' de buck. E. J. L.

★ ★

TO AND FRO

A French soldier, stationed at the observation post on Montsec after it had been captured in the St. Mihiel drive, was lending his field glasses to a passing doughboy. He further pointed out the places of interest within view from that hill-top.

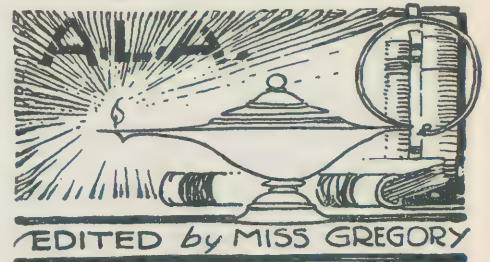
"See," he said, "down there ran the sector in which I was stationed ever since the war began. And a little further back there is Commercy, where my home is."

"I suppose you could get home, then, once in a while."

"Mais, oui, Monsieur. Once or twice a week ever since the war began."

"H—," said the doughboy, thinking of his own home in South Bend, Ind. "Hey, Buddie," he called to his friend nearby, "here's a guy what commutes to the war."

—Stars and Stripes.



During war time, business has been speeding up and made to accomplish results never before imagined. Reconstruction demands will necessitate the same speeding up—the same systematic organization and economical administration. Business books will help men increase their individual efficiency and the output of their business.

— ★ —

Marden's Training for efficiency tells about some of the characteristics necessary for success in business.

— ★ —

A book that lives up to its promise is Getting the Most Out of Business, by Lewis.

— ★ —

How to deal with human nature in business, by Cody, is practical, and has chapters on correspondence, salesmanship, merchandising, and advertising.

— ★ —

Allen's Business Employments illustrates business practice by examples from shoe manufacture, a department store, and banking institutions.

— ★ —

Nystrom's Retail Selling and Store Management combines business principles with practical details.

— ★ —

And for the man studying office routine there are such books as Barrett's Modern Methods in the Office. In correspondence and business English Garner's Effective Business Letters is the best guide.

— ★ —

Business men who want statistics of their work presented in charts and diagrams will find Grinton's Graphic Methods for presenting facts a useful book.

— ★ —

Advertising, salesmanship, accounting, banking, store management, commerce, foreign trade, and other allied subjects are treated in many special books which are in the hospital library. Ask for these and for others on any line of work that interests you.



MEMBERS OF THE ARMY NURSE CORPS, U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19, OTEEN, N. C.

First Four—Bessie Lyon, Rose Wagner, Elizabeth Murray, Marie Hoel. Left to Right, First Row—Bertha McNickles, Jessie McCammon, Augusta Smith, Gertrude Koons, Marjorie Chrisman, Ruth Brown, Isabel Moffatt, Bessie Scott, Florence Standish (Chief Nurse), Eva Wakefield, Sara Hathaway, Frances Bourns, Harriet Chadwick, Ruth Lemmert, Edith Meacher, Ida Randall, Lisetta Korb, Esther Horde. Left to Right, Second Row—Viva Brickley, Mattie Harrison, Christine Roberts, Minnie Morton, Sara Cooper, Evelyn Davis, Flora Middleton, Agnes Harrison, Anna Norcross, Harriet Dexter, Bertha DeLunn, Mary Merck, Margaret Quinn, Prudence Guy, Alberta Stephenson, Nancy Morton, Frances Paxton, Emilie Curl, Ida Barwick, Dorothea Daniels, Lillian Hamilton, Mae Cowdrick, Lela Hauger, Ida Luke, Ethel Hipps, Vannie Hawley, Nellie Elder, Marie Jackson, Martha Hanrahan.

SALUTING IN CORRIDORS

A question has arisen in the minds of many men about saluting in the corridors. *There is* an order in this camp that men *are* to salute their superiors in the corridors—as corridors are considered out of doors. A little explanation will show its practicability. If corridors were considered under cover you would stop and stand at attention until the officer approached and passed. Think of the number of times you would do this in a day's travel. With this ruling in force all you do is to render the usual snappy salute—and keep going. Follow it up—and don't let officers get by you in corridors without saluting—they will not think you a "rube?" Officers are given the camp rulings when he comes in. Salute your officers when you pass them—and give the man H—that does not. This is a U. S. A. Army Post Hospital—it isn't a post for indigent vacationists.

Notwithstanding the high cost of living, evening gowns have not gone up.

PIKERS

Since, judging from your editorial of a week ago, we have started sorting out the "pikers" from the regular fellows why limit ourselves to the overseas men? There is the corresponding piker among the "stay-back" fellows too. I have one in mind now who didn't want to see service—was dragged in six months ago—and now stands on the street corner, sporting a silver stripe that covers his entire forearm; and passes cheap remarks about gold stripes. Some may accredit it to ignorance. I say that it is pikerish.

The real overseas men are not looking for credit because they can and always have paid cash! The real pals of the overseas man who stayed and backed them—to those go all the credit in the world.

So, come all ye real soldiers of both "here and there"—swat the piker wherever you find him and rid the best army in the world of the worst pest in the world.

D. D. M.

SERVICE CHEVRON ORDER STANDS

There has been some criticism of the war department order regarding the wearing of silver chevrons to denote service only at home, Secretary Baker says, but there is no disposition on the part of the department to rescind it.

"A few years from now," said the Secretary, "the army of the United States will be composed of two parts, those who served in this war and those who did not. The chevrons, both those denoting service abroad and the ones denoting service at home, will become increasingly valuable."

★ ★

TWO OFFICERS LEAVE

Two of our best officers are up and leaving us—having been discharged from service. Captain John B. Griggs, who has been engaged in X-ray work, and Captain Karl W. Smith, attached to the surgical department. These two gentlemen proceed back to their respective cities—the former Hartford, Conn., and the latter Madison, Wis., and the well wishes of every camp member goes with them.



REGULAR ARMY SERGEANTS

Enter two regular army sergeants—of twenty years service—as an addition to our detachment. Sergeants, 1st class Wilson and Bishop. Both saw service in the Spanish war, and spent two years in the Hawaiian islands—where the ladies wear shredded wheat for dresses. We should be mighty happy to know that we are well enough thought of as a camp to have these two high grade men added to our number. Allowing for us as "civies"—we hope they think as much of us—as we do of them.

★ ★

Officer (as company is temporarily about to vacate trench which has been reported mined)—"You two will remain here, and if there is an explosion you will blow a whistle. You understand?"

Private Spuds—"Yes, sor. Will we blow it going up or coming down, sor?"

★ ★

Now that peace is here, the military man who craves excitement has nothing left to do but marry.

OBEYING ORDERS

My parents told me not to smoke. I don't.
Nor listen to a naughty joke. I don't.
They make it clear I musn't wink. At pretty girls or even think
About intoxicating drink. I don't.
To flirt or dance is very wrong. I don't.
Wild youth chase women, wine and song. I don't.
I kiss no girls, even one,
I do not know how it is done.
You wouldn't think I have much fun. I don't.

The Girl—Ai suppose this wah is the most feahful struggle the world has evah seen.

The Man—Oh, I don't know. I once saw two Jew burglars trying to take money from a Scotchman!

She—Did you hear the chimney swallow? Bill of the Q. M.—That wasn't the chimney, Ethel; it was I.

PRIVATES

To the Editor of Oteen:
Your attention is called to the heading on attached clipping from the New York Herald of recent date: "Joins Artillery as Simple Private."

I have only been in this man's army about 18 months and nobody has yet ever succeeded in explaining to me the difference between a "private" and a "buck" private. Now comes a new variety—the simple private. We had a private in our outfit who is 62 years old. Is he simple or a buck?"
Sgt. S. J. M.

The colored elevator girl gazed curiously at the service pin on the waist of her passenger.

"Is yo' husband in France, lady?" she finally inquired.

Passenger (blushing furiously)—No. This is for my sweetheart over there.

"Tee-hee! Oh Lawdy! If I wore a star fo' every beau I had in France, I'd look like de Star Spangled Banner."



BONE DRY HEROISM.

During the St. Mihiel campaign a lieutenant going back over the field saw his sergeant stretched out bleeding and groaning. Approaching and putting his arm under him said, "Cheer up old man, the stretchers are on their way. I want you to go back, recover and return. In the meantime I shall recommend you for a Croix de Guerre!"

The sergeant slightly moved his head as he said, "Sir, a quart of what?"

★ ★

"My daughter is taking fencing lessons and you should see how she can feint."

"That's nothing. You ought to see how mine can throw a fit."

★ ★

We hear all sorts of stories of the rookies at the cantonments, but how's this: "Where do you bathe?" "In the spring." "I didn't ask you when, I asked you where?"

★ ★

"Little boy," asked the well meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

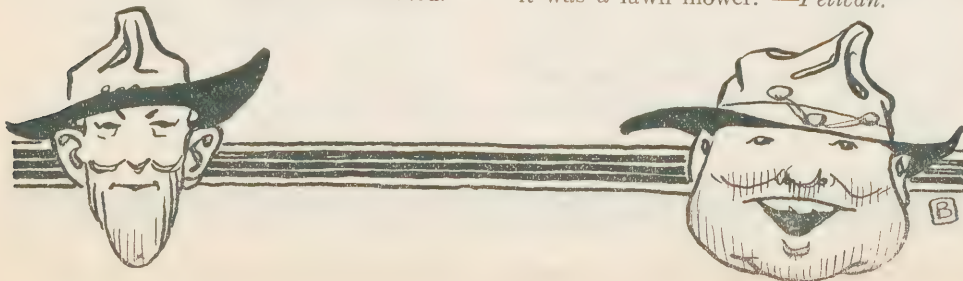
"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that has to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir, my papa."

★ ★

"Don't you think her voice ought to be cultivated?"

"No, I think it should be harvested."



The young soldier had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted:

"Just a moment, Guy," she said.

"What is it, Fleda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."

★ ★

A newly made soldier in Porto Rico who had never owned a pair of shoes finally succeeded in getting on those issued to him. Moving very cautiously, he announced:

"I can walk straight ahead but I can't turn corners in 'em."

★ ★

Officer of the Day—What would you do if a German soldier crossed your post, carrying a fourteen inch disappearing rifle?

Sentinel—Sir, I would halt him and put him through the manual of arms.

★ ★

Prim Old Girl (at art museum)—And this, I presume, is Cleopatra, the Theda Bara of her day.

English Caretaker—On the contrary, madame, that is Venus de Milo. Quite 'armless, quite 'armless.—*Sun Dial*.

★ ★

Officer—Your onner, I arrested this man fer cuttin' corners in his machine.

Judge—What kind of a machine was he driving?

Officer—I don't know, yur onner, but from the way he was drivin' you'd think it was a lawn mower.—*Pelican*.

THE MESS HALL

The gray twilight of winter.

A line of men with overcoats filing through a door.

The sharp rattle of dishes pounding on the counters.

The talk, the laughter, the slow shuffle of muddy boots.

The rhythmic gestures of denim arms that move over kettles and large pans.

Biscuits with the dust of flour in a tin dish pan.

Syrup that clings to a raised spoon and falls in thin spirals.

The watchful balancing of shallow dishes.

The cautious steps to long benches.

The smile of greeting.

The babble of voices.

The jest.

The silent ones.

The "Let's go!"

The stragglers.

The last voices near the door.

The extinguishing of lights.

The glow of the kitchen stoves through the door.

The flickering shadows on wooden walls.

The silence.

The blackness.

The cold.

A distant phonograph playing "The Meditation."

★ ★

COMING IN ON TIME

The guard had noticed a soldier pacing up and down the Swannanoa road for nearly half an hour and had begun to wonder just what was the matter. But it was on a public highway and the man hadn't come within challenging distance, so the guard nursed his curiosity.

Finally the soldier deferentially approached.

"Halt! Who is there?" challenged the guard.

"Private Mulkern, barracks 223."

"Advance and be recognized."

The soldier advanced with a slip of paper extended to the guard. "This pass says till midnight, guard and it's only 11:35, but I'm awfully tired. Don't you suppose you could let me in now?"

★ ★

A very homesick darky trooper, returning from the fighting in France, looked up, hat in hand, as the transport passed the Statue of Liberty and murmured:

"Well, lady, if you ever wants to see dis here nigger again you gotta 'bout face."

MUSIC

The following is a list of the men who are beginning active work in the band: Bartels, Sonntag, McNamara, Michel, Liebowitz, Calvin, Harrington, Forrest, Bugher, Glorvick, Sanderson, Robertson, Gerst, Gillingham, Feinstein, O'Connor, Lawrence, Goyvitz, Wynn, Carter, Daniels, Evans, Campbell, Goldman and Corporal Aanestad, in charge.

These men include patients and detachment men from almost every part of our hospital. It is with pleasure that we can say that the men are eager and willing, one and all to do the necessary practicing and work of rehearsal; and they are going to make the band a success. As we have said before, in beginning, we have got to give the men who already know their instruments, the first choice, but the man who wants to get in and ("gets busy") with a horn, will have a chance, and an instrument for him will be forthcoming. The hours for daily practice have got to be rigidly adhered to, and the one who wants to work and sticks to it will soon find himself in the place of the one who falls behind.

Corporal Aanestad is doing and will do everything he can for every man. We are very fortunate to have him right here in our midst. We also have men like Bischoff, in W-I, who led his band in France and Marvin, in I-6, who is a skillful cornetist and an experienced musician. Both of these men are eager to do all they can. They are first of all, eager to recover health and strength, so they are going to help Corporal Aanestad with the directing and assist in working out orchestrations and scores for the different instruments, until they can take more active part with clarinet and cornet.

The orchestra is showing signs of life with rehearsals every evening possible. We hope soon to have an orchestra made up entirely of detachment men and also one of patients.

★ ★

"Dear mother," he wrote, "Ernest swallowed a dime yesterday and we have been much worried ever since as to whether or not he is going to be ill." Then he addressed the letter to Boston. A week later the old lady replied:

"My dear son," she began, "I have been unable to rest since hearing from you last. Please let me know as soon as you can if Ernest got over his financial difficulties all right."—*Journal of A. M. A.*

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Edwin C. Jarrett

WE CARRY ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE STOCKS OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FANCY GROCERIES IN THIS SECTION. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

4 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Big Reductions in all Departments

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION;
TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, HAND BAGS, LEGGINGS, SHOT
GUNS, RIFLES AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

At the Old Price. Gillette Safety Razor Blades, six for 50 cents.
Trunks, Hand Bags and Suit Cases at a saving from
twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent.

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

23-25 BILTMORE AVENUE

TELEPHONE 887

FRESH CANDY

IS ALWAYS ASSURED AT THE CANDY KITCHEN, BECAUSE WE
MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS
SERVED A LA CARTE.

CANDY KITCHEN

HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

AFFORDS YOU A SAFE PLACE IN WHICH TO DEPOSIT YOUR
SAVINGS AND PAYS YOU 4 PER CENT COMPOUND
INTEREST ON ALL MONEY DEPOSITED IN
ITS SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

*Accounts Subject to Check Given
Special Attention*

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL UPON US WHEN IN
NEED OF THE SERVICES OF A GOOD BANK

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

Member Federal Reserve System

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

WHEN YOU ARE IN ASHEVILLE DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT
THE WINNIE SHOP

Opposite The Langren

OUR SPECIALTY IS EXCELLENT COFFEE AND MILK. DELICIOUS
SANDWICHES AT POPULAR PRICES.

GROSS

"THEY'RE HOT"

OPPOSITE THE LANGREN

At the Post Exchange You Get

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

CONCERNING CRITICISMS AGAINST THE Y. M. C. A.

Dr. John R. Mott, chief executive of the National War Council of the Y. M. C. A., has recently taken up some criticisms that have reached him at headquarters, and has answered them. It seems to us a very timely opportunity to let some of our overseas boys here know the truth about them, and in publishing these facts, we embrace the invitation along with Dr. Mott to invite concrete cases of bad work or indifferent work by representatives of the Y. M. C. A. overseas, so that we may work together for the benefit of those men who remain overseas. We now have abroad a committee of men who will rattle the dry bones, if necessary, and strict justice will surely obtain after their investigations.

Referring to the charge of wounded men, that they never saw "Y" workers while they were in hospitals, we can only say that it was simply a matter of carrying out our agreement with the Red Cross that they should work with the sick and wounded, and we would take care of the wants of the well.

As for profit-making by the operation of canteens, this is absolutely false, for the Y. M. C. A., has lost thousands of dollars in this acquiescence to the request of General Pershing. The discrepancy between quartermaster prices and the Y. M. C. A. prices was incident to increased overhead charges of the "Y," such as marine insurance, and transportation charges both across the ocean and overseas, and the government did not have to reckon with these expenses. Naturally the price of supplies would be a little higher under regulations like these, but at that time the Y. M. C. A. lost heavily in its effort to serve the men with the things they needed. The charge of profit making is absolutely without foundation, and this rumor is most unfair to an organization doing such heroic service.

Likewise, the charge that soldiers could get nothing free from the "Y" but stationery, is unmerited for in the single month of September of this year we distributed to soldiers overseas \$75,000 worth of supplies free, and this in addition to \$150,000 excess of cost over selling prices on supplies sold during this same month. Besides the supplies given away in the front line trenches, the "Y" supplied between July and November the free use of \$829,000 worth of athletic supplies, not to mention hundreds of thousands of dollars

worth of books, magazines, educational supplies, moving picture shows and lecture courses free.

It is true, regarding the sale of gift tobacco, that sometimes the Y. M. C. A. would buy from the quartermaster supplies of tobacco that had been intended as gifts, but owing to poor marking of parcels could not be delivered; and in a few cases soldiers bought packages of tobacco that bore evidence of intention for free distribution. This was due to the inability of the quartermaster to distinguish poorly marked packages, and we had no responsibility in this error. When this error did happen, and the tobacco was returned to us, we furnished free an equivalent amount of tobacco from our own supplies.

Regarding the charge that "Y" workers did not get to front line trenches, we wish to say that we have lost many workers by shell fire while on duty, numbers have been gassed, and scores have died as a result of over work and exposure. Ten of them have been cited for bravery, and decorated.

During the first few months of the war a few men of draft age were chosen for Y. M. C. A. work in France, but they were recalled, and they volunteered for service in the army later, and those who did remain with us in France were notified that they would have to enlist or leave the service of the Y. M. C. A.

Now men of Oteen, if you have discriminating judgment, and believe in fair play, and have not been convinced of the truth in regard to these answers to criticisms, will you please give us concrete cases illustrating your charges, so that we may cooperate with Dr. Mott and his associate officers in eliminating every objectionable and unfair element connected with this, our service for you. We cordially invite you to take up these matters personally with us, or with the Editors of The Oteen, for anything that will obviate a difficulty in our service for you, will give us a great deal more of gratification than you can measure, and we assure you that your comments will receive merited consideration. Come on men, you who have been overseas, and speak them out—it will help us.

W. E. GWYNNE.

Y. M. C. A.

Oteen, N. C.

"What are you laughing about?"

"Now that peace is here I'm thinking of the poor guys who got married to escape the draft."



A quick, plentiful, softening lather always from Colgate's Shaving Stick. Economical too, a stick often lasts a year.

The metal box makes a handy match box when the soap is all used.

**COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK**

Your Portrait

will delight the home folks and preserve the memory of your patriotic service. Make the appointment today. Phone 775

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments took place at General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C., to become effective from January 1st, 1919:

Sergeants Dudley C. Andrews, Jr., Harry S. Calvin, William M. Fox, Benjamin L. Heyman, William J. Knight, Edmore Klingenstein, Edwin Loewy, Roland J. Pierce, Joseph F. Ruff, Jr., and Alfred P. Zabin, medical department, are hereby appointed sergeants, first class, medical department.

Corporals Benjamin Feinstein, William E. Felton, Peter J. Meidinger and Neil Sussman, medical department, privates, first class; Walter E. Barnes, Wilton Cooley, Leslie H. Grimm, Burt R. Wagner and Luther D. Walker, medical department and Private Charles C. Blackmon, Jr., medical department, are hereby appointed Sergeants, medical department.

Privates first class, Ferdinand K. Bartels, Clarence Mayer and William B. Trewhella, medical department and Privates Joe Barnish and Daniel A. Gagliarducci, medical department, are hereby appointed corporals, medical department.

Privates first class, Boone G. Menefee, William L. Rivers and Smith L. Wetherington, medical department, are hereby rated as nurse, medical department.

Private first class Stacy E. Butler, medical department, is hereby rated as surgical assistant, medical department.

Privates Dorsie Carter, Louis Carter, Joseph Francis, Walter R. Howington, Hoover Hubbard, George E. Martin, Boone G. Menefee, Walter F. Mullis, James A. Mock, George S. Dumont, Frank P. Reed, William L. Rivers and Smith L. Wetherington, medical department, are hereby appointed privates first class, medical department.

★ ★

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Two colored men met at a peace celebration the day following the signing of the armistice.

"Well, what do you think of it now?" inquired one.

"Sure do look good," the other replied. "President Wilson sure did stop them Huns."

"President Wilson nuthin'," retorted the first colored man. "Listen here, you democrat niggah! Didn't I tell you something gwine to happen if we republicans got elected? An' we only been in a few days an' look what we done!"



Fortunato Rotell student in the reconstruction department has completed two aeroplanes. The minatures were made from scrap materials but are true to model in every detail.

★ ★

HAD HIS DOUBTS

Teacher — Do you know that George Washington never told a lie?

Boy—No, sir. I only heard it.

★ ★

An order was recently issued in camp that all cars in passing through camp must keep the cut-out closed. A "rookie" whose experience with cars was nil was put on guard duty and told to stop all cars running with the cut-out open and to see that the drivers closed them.

Pretty soon along came a car with the cut-out wide open and the engine running fast. The guard heard him coming some distance away and jumping into the middle of the road he waved to the driver to halt. Here's the order the guard issued:

"This is a general hospital now, and you'll have to take that carbureter off that car. We can't have the sick patients just back from France disturbed all the time by cars running through camp with their carbureters wide open like that. Get out and take it off."

A new dance called "Flu Flitter" has been invented. To dance it, you take one step forward, then sneeze twice, pivot and swallow two quinine capsules, swing your partner, then cough in unison, take two steps backward and blow your noses, and then waltz home and consult a doctor.

MAJOR MARMADUKE MUTTONHEAD MIGHT MAKE MANY MAIDS MARRY

Here is a striking example of alliterative verses. The entire poem is composed of words beginning with the same letter. The following serenade is anonymous, and is supposed to be sung in "M flat by Major Marmaduke Muttonhead to Mlle. Madeline Mendoza Marriott."

"My Madeline, My Madeline,
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

"My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must, mingling, murmur 'Madeline.'

"Muster 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien,
'Mongst Murca's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline.

"Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

"My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Much mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness' magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline.

"Matchmaking mammas machinate,
Maneuvering misses me misween;
Mere money may make many mate;
My magic motto's 'Madeline.'

"Melt, most melliflous melody,
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,
Meet me by moonlight—marry me,
Madonna Mia. Madeline."

I-7.

OH, DOCTOR!

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieutenant Worley. "Any pharmacists in the Detachment?"

A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward.

"Ye gods!" said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?"

"Shure ay bane pharmeris," was the indignant reply. "Vy, ay bane work on pharm all mae life!"

"She is a lovely girl without doubt, but isn't she rather prim and pious?"

"Rather. When I make love to her, I feel as if I were kissing the Society for Christian Endeavor."

FOR HIS BIRTHDAY

Attention! Mothers and sweethearts, while the government furnishes the essentials of military life, experience has taught us that there are many articles that add to one's personal comfort that are not an issue; a list of these articles has been carefully compiled by the Oteen staff:

A 24-foot ladder.
A bass violin.
One vanity box.
A fly rifle.
A brassiere.
A 1906 Ford.
A chiffonier.
A chafing dish.
Clothes dryer.
Package of clothes pins.
One case of dominoes.
Two typewriters.
One New York telephone directory.
One kitchen range.
One slot machine.
One manicure set.
One Morris chair.
One dozen pairs suspenders.
A good Persian rug.
Tooth brush with Evinrude motor.

★ ★

CHEVRON FOR DISCHARGED MEN

The war department has directed that each soldier honorably discharged be furnished with two scarlet chevron designs to be worn on the left sleeve.

★ ★

A certain married Sergeant, First Class, was telling me a funny joke, but it seemed on him!

"You remember that rainy spell we had a few weeks back? Well one morning that I had business in town, my wife asked me to take our six umbrellas (you don't have to believe him either) to be repaired. I left them at the shop. When noon came I walked into the Red Circle Tea Room and had a little lunch. When I left I must have had umbrellas on the brain for I absent-mindedly (?) picked up a ladies' umbrella and started off with it. She ran after me and demanded, 'What are you doing with my umbrella?' Of course I apologized profusely.

"Toward evening I stopped at the shop for the six umbrellas and boarded the car with them under my arm and took a seat. In the seat across from me was my acquaintance of the Tea Room.

"'Well,' she remarked, 'I see you had a pretty good day.'

"I got off at the next corner."—S.L.P.



A Large Gain by Light Infant-ry.

JUST MISSED PERFECTION

When Mrs. Langtry was at the summit of her beauty and fame, she met at a dinner an African king who was visiting London. She did her best to please the dusky monarch and evidently succeeded, for he said to her as they parted: "Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat, you would be irresistible."—*Boston Transcript*.

★ ★

The original A. E. F. joke was, without much question, the one which described the American negro meeting his Algerian brother and accusing him of having forgotten his own language. Here is a variant on it which may be a little fresher.

A member of a stevedore company, after attempting vainly to converse with an Algerian, entered his barracks with this announcement:

"Heah, you fellahs. Outside Ah done got a cullud pusson who doan know who he is or whah he's from. I done think I was loss in France, but dis boy done got sunk widout a trace."

★ ★

Jim—Too bad about Smith. He's suffering from a bad case of shell shock, and he can't remember anything of the past.

Jerry—Good Lord! And I lent him \$5 before he was hurt.

FABLES

(By Sardis)

A poker game in full swing, one player goes broke and requests the loan of a dollar from right hand neighbor, which was refused as follows: "Am sorry but it is a principle with me not to loan money in a poker game."

The first fellow said not a word but immediately got up and left.

Two months later, the second chap secured a furlough to go home and lacking sufficient funds to pay his expenses he sought out the first fellow and said: "Bill, will you loan me five dollars. I have a furlough but I nearly got cleaned in a little game last night and I need five dollars."

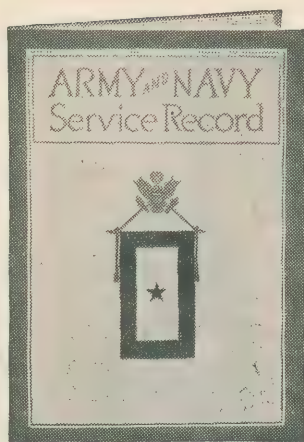
The first soldier answered: "Tom, some time ago you told me it wasn't your principle to loan money in a poker game. I have taken your advice but I apply my principle to all occasions, so—there is nothing doing."

Moral: To borrow money without security and interest, you must be prepared to loan on same basis.

★ ★

Nobles—Cleanliness, my friend, is next to godliness.

Buck—Aw, yer crazy. Around here it's next to impossible.



THE NEW SERVICE BOOKS HAVE ARRIVED! EVERY MAN SHOULD POSSESS ONE! COME IN AND SEE THEM AT



The Post Exchange

GOOD EATS AT THE CRYSTAL CAFE

Number 1 32 Patton Avenue
 Number 2 56 Patton Avenue
 Number 3 16 N. Pack Square

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

The Orange Star



To Town, cars leave Post No. 1 at 7:30 and 8:30 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 8:00 p.m. and at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 at night.
 From Town, cars leave Pack Square at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 7:30 p.m. and at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, and 11:30 p.m.
 Extra cars during Rush Hours.

*Tickets on Sale to Hospital people at the
Post Exchange*

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

BAD BREAKS BY OUR CONTEMPORARIES

"The defendant said she had apple and strawberry trees in her garden."—*Liverpool (Eng.) Echo*.

"Old Abe Timms is looking sad these days. All the friends he used to hobnail with are gone."—*Wellington (O.) News*.

"There is no remedy for gray hair. Dying we don't recommend."—*The People (London)*.

"Bedell little dreamed that as he halted in the roadway to light his lamps a pair of steel-blue eyes watched him quietly."—*The Union Jack*.

"In Belgium our allies have been increasing their victory every day since yesterday."—*Portsmouth, Eng., News*.

"I have written my last message as war correspondent. Thank God!"—*Philip Gibbs in Daily Chronicle*.

"Mr. T. Chissell had written that he would feed off the grass in Maumbury Rings and endeavor to keep it in better condition."—*Dorset, Eng., Chronicle*.

"All communications to this office must be signed. We positively refuse to publish unanimous letters."—*Cissna Park, Kan., News*.

"Many local people will remember Martin Ryder, and will be pleased to hear that he is now a centurion."—*Janesville, Miss., Gazette*.

"Addressing canteen workers he (Mr. Churchill) said: 'When cutting a tiger's claws or pulling fags out of his jaw, one has to observe every precaution.'"—*Brighton, Eng., Argus*.

"Wanted, First class Lady Shorthorn typist."—*Irish Independent*.

"Piano wanted to suit beginner; one ready for use preferred."—*Irish Times*.

"The attack was preceded by a violet artillery preparation."—*London Daily Express*.

"Now and then you might come across a gamekeeper, with his dog and his gun under his arm."—*The Storyteller*.

★ ★

CAN'T BE DONE

Sgt. Pat (reviewing his line of recruits)—Fer the love of Mike straighten that line out—stick that stomick in there in the middle—tighten up on the end.

(After several minutes of haggling with no results).

I nviver seen sich a line by gorra * ? x !
 Looks like a corkscrew x * * ? ? ! ! Fall
 out all of ye and take a look at it.

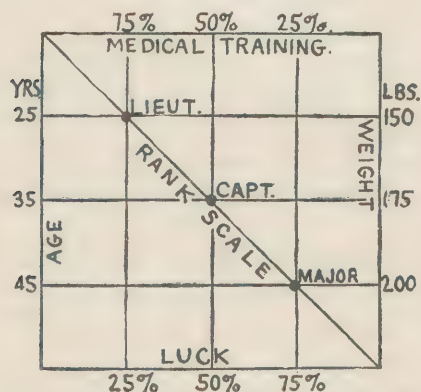
LETTERS OF A LIEUTENANT

Friend Ross:

It looks as though I'm a lieutenant for life. The armistice stopped all new commissions and all promotions. Around here there has developed a general disease—very contagious—called "Post-Armistice Neurosis." We are all worn out from the battle of Chicamauga and have no desire for further fighting along this line. What we want now is no drill but more medicine. I imagine thought that the whole outfit will be discharged or evacuated—as they say—before very long. Some of our soldiers fought and bled but as for us we sat and fed.

I met Captain Markton of our town the other day. He seemed unhappy. He bought himself one of those sheepskin wool-lined coats—trench coat it's called. The weather was warm and around here that kind of a coat is being called "stench coat." It deserves all of that and more.

A lot of us have been puzzling as to how these boards find out a man's efficiency. It seems the personnel department has issued an efficiency chart. We haven't seen that but we figured out one of our own. It's like this:



You see I'm thirty years old, and figure my medical training as 75 per cent; I've got no luck and weigh 140 pounds; that makes me a lieutenant. Jones is 42, he has forgotten half of what medicine he knew; he has lots of stomach and lots of luck; he's a captain. Am I downhearted? No! Only sore because the war ended before I got my chance. Therefore I sign myself,

Truly yours,

FISHER R. E. MORSE.

P. S.—Feeling like drowning my sorrows I looked all over Chattanooga for its favorite product but could not find the distillery—you know what I mean!

CORTEZ CIGARS FOR MEN OF BRAINS— MADE AT KEY WEST

MAKERS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR CIGAR

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

DRUGGISTS

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF
ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

BOY, HOWDY!

DO YOU SMOKE CIGARETTES OR CIGARS OR EAT CANDY?—OR PERHAPS
YOU WANT TO TAKE A BOX TO YOUR GIRL. THEN YOU
WANT TO DROP IN AND GET THEM AT THE

Paramount
DRUG CO.

PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

OFFICERS' ARMY SHOES
NURSES' RED CROSS TAN BOOTS
MEN'S ARMY SHOES

THE ASHEVILLE BOOTERY, Inc.

"The Store of Best Qualities"

47 PATTON AVE.

READ AND RESPOND

OUR "ADS" IN THE DAILY PAPERS

OUR "ADS" IN THE WEEKLY OTEEN

Bon Marche

Asheville's Best Department Store

GRANT'S PHARMACY

On the Square with Everybody

CALL NUMBER TEN WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN

Drugs or Toilet Articles

AGENTS FOR CRANE'S FINE CHOCOLATES

3 EAST PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ASHEVILLE BATTERY COMPANY

—OFFICIAL—

SERVICE



STATION

COLLEGE AND MARKET STREETS

TELEPHONE 3437

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

READ GOOD BOOKS

Whatever the kind of book you wish to read, we have it. Many thousands of volumes by popular authors, of thrilling adventure, romance, etc. From 65 cents up.

Fit a good Fountain Pen to your pocket. One can hardly get along without one. \$1.25 up.

We're always glad to have you call in—make our store your headquarters—we always have the leading papers and magazines that you want.

Rogers' Book Store

"Land of the Sky"

39 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FORCE OF HABIT

Or a few mistakes the discharged soldier will make after the war:

Ducking in a manhole if an automobile siren sounds.

Reaching for a gas mask while passing an onion field.

Saluting and saying "Sir" when addressing his wife.

Steering clear of saloons, booze, etc. (?)

Using a bayonet on German pancakes.

Wearing a woolen undershirt to remind him of cooties.

Borrowing Y. M. C. A. stationery.

Having his picture taken.

★ ★

AMERICA

When, in 1910, Frank Savicki, late of Vilna, Russia, stepped ashore at Ellis Island, New York, immigration officials were in some doubt about letting him and his sister in. They might have been sent back to Vilna had not Frank's uncle arrived on the scene with proof that he was able to care for them and borne them off to their new home in Shenandoah, Pa.

When, in April, 1917, America went to war, Frank Savicki went too, and not long after.

The embattled months went by, Chateau-Thierry was lost and won, and Frank Savicki, late of Shenandoah, Pa., was a prisoner in German hands.

Followed seventy-six days of brutal captivity, and at the end of the seventy-six, a thoroughly wet figure in remnants of olive drab climbed out of the waters of a little German stream and set foot on the dry and hospitable ground of Switzerland.

It was not Frank Savicki, the Russian Pole. It was Frank Savicki, the American.

★ ★

An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is the president of the United States?"

"Mr. Wils'."

"Who is the vice president?"

"Mr. Marsh."

"If the president should die, who then would president?"

"Mr. Marsh."

"Could you be president?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy worka da mine."—*Everybody's*.



The man who never advertises is the chap who wonders:

Why doesn't my business ever grow?

Why is my advertising competitor enlarging his store?

Why are some of my best customers whom I thought would deal with me until Doomsday deserting me?

The answer to all these questions is "I never advertise."

Advertising is the tonic necessary to the healthy growth of any business.

Of course, it is essential that the advertising be of the right kind.

What is the right advertising.

Ask an advertising expert. *He knows.*

The service department of The Oteen is composed of advertising experts.

May they assist you in planning your advertising?

No charge or obligation at all.

★ ★

Mr. Editor:

In answer to advertisement signed "Patient" appearing in last week's "Oteen" I beg to refer Pvt. Jay (Red) Miller, of Barracks 223, this post, as qualified to take up the position in question.

Pvt. Miller is a first class talker and entertainer and before joining the army, did his best in entertaining the folks in the neighborhood of Jefferson Market in New York. This alone is sufficient reference to get him the job.

I am sure that anyone will be very much pleased with this talented young man. Hoping you will give him a try-out, thus honoring the army through one of its members, I am,

Yours truly, G. B.

P. S. If engaged, kindly ask "Jay" to sing his latest ditty entitled: "I've often picked cherries but I never shoveled coal."

★ ★

Oh little Ford car don't you cry

You'll be a jitney by and by

Only two bits to take a ride

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★ ★

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Recruit—Yes, you drill me and I feed myself.

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"Just a Whisper off the Square"

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

The old army has a story which relates that a certain review a goat ran across the parade ground and severely butted a young officer. "Go 'way, goat, go 'way," muttered the soldier under his breath, but he continued to stand rigidly at attention until the animal butted him a second and a third time. Then he turned reproachfully and said, "How did you know I was a second lieutenant?"

It is easier to distinguish the second lieutenant now that the war has brought him the gold bar, but his is still the thankless task of the army. "A second lieutenant," as the saying goes, "is supposed to know everything and to do everything. A first lieutenant is supposed to know everything and do nothing, and a captain is supposed to know nothing and do nothing."

While the accuracy of this schedule may well be questioned, there is no doubt that the second lieutenant had far greater responsibilities thrust upon him in modern warfare than ever before. The second lieutenants of the American army were largely new men who had received intensive training, but they acquitted themselves well. Their seniors, in rank would be among the first to admit it. And yet there are tangible as well as intangible disabilities attached to the second lieutenant. Financially, for instance, he is hardly as well off as a sergeant, when one considers the difference in the standard of living he must maintain, not to mention the cost of equipment. Then there is the intangible but very definite lack of color to "second lieutenant." It is forbidding without being imposing. It may not be shortened to such friendly diminutive as "sarge" or "cap" and yet it has no such savor of majesty as "sergeant" or even "captain." Moreover, it is the most transient of titles. Only the uniform proclaims the rank. Though he wears bars of gold the second lieutenant is plain "Mr." for all that.

—H. B.

★ ★

The negro sergeant had the latest bunch of recruits lined up for initial drill. "Now," he said, "every numbah foah man in the front rank will be co'poral. De co'porals will now pass around de hat, an' all you niggahs will drop in yo' razzahs. We ain't goin' have no argyfyin' ovah who's boss durin' dis drill period."

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